

night
cookies #3

by Katie
Kaput

an (almost) 26 year old
transsexual single mama
of two on doctors, the
word "gid," learning to
ride a bike... & more!



My name is Katie. You are holding night cookies #3 - there are two other night cookies you might have read & learned a lot about me from...

Just in case you didn't, I'll tell you the basics - I'm 25 (although if yr reading this in August, 2008, I've turned 26!), I've got a 6 year old kid named Rio & a 2 year old kid named Rory (but she often goes by other awesome names - most recently, Mr. Mallard). My co-parent ex-sweetie-person is E. She's still sweet.

We live all together in a little house in the big woods in Mendocino County, California, where I am being driven bonkers by my in-laws/neighbors & general isolation (I'm the only 25 year old transsexual single homeschooling mama I know in this county of 40,000, gasp!)

I like to bake cookies at night and eat 'em all up while dreaming of moving to Portland, OR.



← good cookie smells



← sleeping kids dreaming of cookies

← Katie

Woman/Girl Whirl

Sometimes it seems a little strange to me that I still, at almost 26, almost instinctually call myself a "girl" rather than a "woman."

Maybe it's the remnants of my old riot grrrl spirit, but I wonder sometimes...

Is there a part of me that, children and all, doesn't want to grow up? Or a part of me that got scared away from the word "woman" in 1999, and subsequent years, when my involvement in Camp Trans caused me a great deal of trauma at the hands of some woman policing the boundaries of the word?

I also wonder what it means that so many of the trans women

I know call themselves, and us
as trans women generally, girls...

I want to be a grown up,
responsible woman - I think
I am.

But the word girl just keeps
on resonating for me, so far.
I must just remember, I guess,
that a girl can be a grownup,
responsible woman.

Sort of like how my rather
cutesy taste in dresses, skirts,
barrettes, and shoes doesn't make
me any less worthy and
formidable of a person...



← cute, worthy,
+ formidable

Doctor Trouble: A Katie Flashback

When I was 18,
I started hormones...

-Yay! Purple pills!
"Take 2 pills
2 times a day..."



And after a few months,
my nipples were puffy & my boobs
almost filled out my training bra...

-Grow, boobs, grow!
"okay, so I can't draw
underwear..."



I went
back to
see my
doctor
at the
clinic...



He wanted to see
how I was "developing,"
so I got out of my
clothes 'cept my underwear.



← really hairy
legs, I think.

But when he started touching
me, & kept on touching me, I
felt unsure. Was this what an
exam was like?

Your
breast buds
are growing
nicely!



← did I have between
this panel & the last?

When he wanted to
check the inside of my
underwear, I said no.
I left.

waiting for
a train



-Hey there...
Um...
where you
going?

It wasn't 'til years later,
a few months ago, that I was
able to pull down my underwear
for a doctor.

I figured since it was a
consultation for an orchiectomy,
I kinda had to.

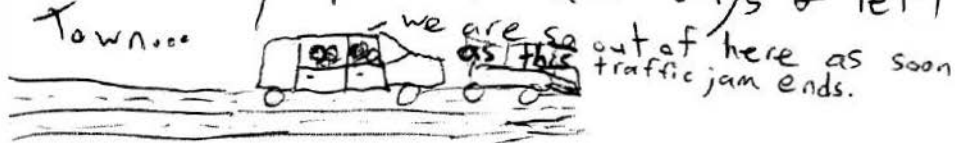
The doctor was so brief.

And he didn't try to touch me anywhere
else. I had been so sure he was
gonna try to feel me up, too... I was
ready to say "no" at the start this
time.

'Cause I've grown a lot in all this
time.
The End.

The Town-Katie & the Country-Katie

Once there was a Town-Katie who thought a life in the country would soothe her frazzled nerves, help her reconnect with her wild side, & lead her to a more industrious, fulfilling existence, so she & her family packed their bags & left Town...



Do you think this story has a happy ending? And is she a Town-Katie or a Country-Katie? And what about this family, with the bag packing and all? Where do they stand?

Sometimes I think I know all those answers, & my bags are repacked, & then we spend a day eating berries, climbing trees, hugging our chickens, searching for banana slugs, and sleeping in the quiet...

Then when I've got my bags re-unpacked, the kids are bored, a deer ate our snap peas, a raccoon got a chicken, and I've got five errands to do... in the car.



I think we're gonna move to the big city (Portland, OR) in 8 months or so - I miss seeing other queer & trans folks on an almost daily basis. And in the meantime, I think we're gonna move into a house in town so I can stop driving so much, so we can know our neighbors, so our kids can walk to the beach & the library & the park...

I mean, most of our garden is in pots & maybe we can have

me chickens still...

Mainly it's the driving & the fact
that to afford to live in the country
in this county, we, like most of the
young families I know up here, must
live on land belonging to relatives, in
this case, E's parents.

My issues with them as neighbors
are well documented in night cookies #2
(is that what I was doing? documenting?
I thought I was ranting & raving...).

So I guess this is the part
where the Town-Mouse (me) scurries
back to town with a whole lot
of weeping and shrieking, right?



At the Rest Stop

Driving to Portland through inland central California, I could almost be in Iowa, if the fruit trees were corn and soybeans...



...and if I were 14 & driving on a night just like tonight but twelve years ago, my first girlfriend in the driver's seat, taking us to the middle of nowhere to cry and see stars and for me to break up with her because I could feel this intense queerness welling up inside of me, so vast that it couldn't ever be

enough that she's rolled with
the dress wearing & calls
me "she" & says that now
she might be bi.

I needed more than that
then, I needed someone who
wanted to ravish me, in
tout of my dress, someone
who didn't humor me with
a plastic cock in a drawer,
someone who kept one in
her pants...

... And now I'm driving
myself alone through CA &
OR and I don't know what

I need from someone
else's pants, but I feel something
welling up in me again,
something too vast to be
contained, something too
strong for me to keep my
feet...

I'm ready to be swept
off them, by myself & my
friends & maybe someday a
new girl/friend or boyfriend...

Somebody who wants to
ravish me, in & out of
my dress...



← Foxy
Katie,
ripe for the
ravishing...

Hello, Officer...

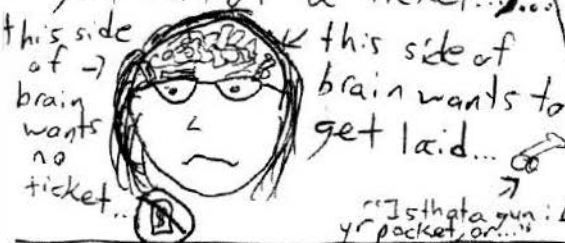
On the drive up to Portland, I got a ticket...



The cop wasn't cute, but the first thought I had when his lights flashed was...



I don't know if I was tired or silly (or desperate to get laid or desperate to get out of a ticket...)...



I immediately shut down both sides of my brain and babbled brainlessly...



The cop gave me a ticket without the give him some action option...

Which is really for the best, 'cause I just would've started crying

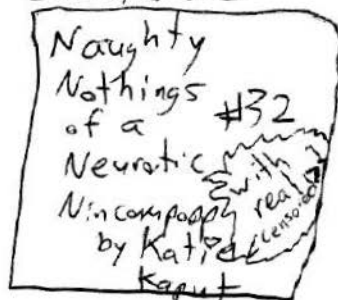
and freaking out, even had he been joking around...

But seriously, what is going on with my brain? And when can I turn it back on?

Writing, Children, My Naughty Side

Sometimes when I finish writing something like that, I start to wonder if I should really be writing so openly in a 'zine that is so much about my life with my kids...

Like maybe there should be two 'zines...



I try to take a deep breath & say "Mamas are people, too!"

And it's not like I'm leaving this around for Rio to find...

Le sigh.

One of these days I'm gonna be whole, I swear it, & I will write a boring 'zine with no cuteness/naughtiness tension in it.

?!? If I can't get a dog's pronouns right...?!?

... should I give up my pronoun black belt?

I've always been known for my mad pronoun skills... I'll call you he, she, ze, it, them, you'uns, ~~ANYTHING~~, & I'll mean it 'cause I believe you when you say "this is ME."

I can switch pronouns on a dime, call you one with Suzy. and another with his boyfriend...

But I always, always, ALWAYS say this around Sweetpea...



He... uh... she is on my bed. I can't get him off.

And McKay, whose house I'm at, just laughs. I think the laugh revokes my black belt.

Tattooed, Bike-Ridin' Mama

I tried to learn to ride a bike when I was 10...



...and 14...



...and 19...



→ ...and 24 (sort of)...
so I order this expensive 3 wheeler...



With each try, I told myself I just wasn't the kind of person who could learn to ride a bike.

→ So the next time

I tried a little less, gave up a little sooner, was more embarrassed & defensive if anyone noticed what I was doing (bravely trying to learn something new that was hard but is mastered by most kids, including Ria when he was 3).

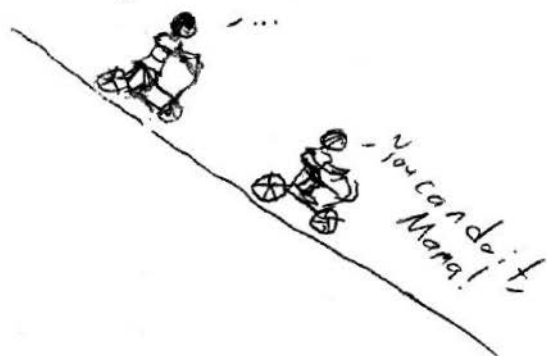


Umm... how 'bout at 3 a.m. if I have the energy & no one's around?



- Alright, Mama, we're gonna go ride around town. Bye!

But this June, when Rio turned 6
+ I was still 25, I decided
to try again... With just Rio around,
showing me what to do, and going
down a hill by our house to get
my momentum up for the first
time in years...



And I did it. Like... right away.
And now I can ride a bike and
Rory shouts "she can do it! Oh yeahohyeah!"

Now I have a pink bike... and my
first tattoo, on my inner forearm,
of Rio and I riding bikes with
some hearts behind us.

The End.

wide awake sleepovers

(a Katie Flashback)

I had one friend
when I was ten...



He could be my friend
'cause I went to a
different school, far from
his...

(At my school...)



I don't know
what yr talking about.



So I was glad I
had Mark.



Lemme just
change...

He never even batted
an eye when I played
a girl character in D&D.

And when we played
X-Men at the park, he'd
call me Kitty Pryde in a
long, drawn-out scream...
Ki...i...i...i...y! Magneto has
me stuck to the slide!



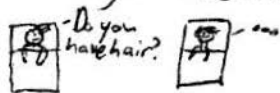
We didn't live
that close to
each other,



† when we were almost eleven,
he moved to the suburbs, so we
started having sleepovers every
weekend, mostly at his house
but sometimes at mine...

After a few sleepovers, he started to ask me questions at night, about my body, & to tell me about his...

He wanted to know if my body was starting to change like his...



My parents had given me a book about puberty...

The Why You
Should Kill
Yrself Book
For Katties

I wanted desperately to tell him my body was doing what other girls' bodies did...

Instead I said nothing at all.

→ And when he came over to my bed...
And crawled under the covers with me...
I still said nothing.

→ Later, there were two sticky messes in my bed that his mother never said anything about.

→ I told him, in hushed tones at breakfast the next morning...



He just nodded.

→ Then he stood and brought me a sheet of paper. He wrote at the top, "How Many Babies We Have."

there was a column
for their names.

How Many
Name:

I wrote:

How Many Babies We Have
Name:
1. Jenny
2.

And then, everytime he crawled into
my bed, & I was quiet & there
were two sticky messes to clean up,
he brought me the paper, like a
consolation prize.


How Many Babies We Have
Name:
1. Jenny
2. Lisa
3. Margaret
4. Darlene
5. Katie

My parents never understood why
I didn't want the sleepovers to go on;
I think also they liked having one less
kid (albeit a quiet one) underfoot...
It was a few years before the sleepovers
tapered off...

That's a lot of babies, a lot of sticky messes...
the end


Random Acts of Cuteness (and radicalism)

I. I'm reading Rio (an only slightly censored)
Young People's History of the U.S...
When he reads about slavery, &
the special privileges extended
to poor whites & white indentured
servants, he's outraged.



- It's a trick! How unfair!
Now they won't fight
together!

He grumbles & shouts for
several minutes before getting
quiet. Then he says,




- I want everyone to read this
book... They are teaching it in schools
everywhere? No? I'll start a
special bookstore and...
They'll never trick us
again!

II. A Partial List of Rory's Names -

Boy, Minou, Petey, George, Mr. Mallard,
Mr. Rio, Nacho, Colby Pudding Cat,
Jinx, Chi, Mr. White the Cat Named
Blanca, Digby, Flicka, and Flip.

Sometimes when I ask if I
can just call her Rory, she
shouts,

 - No! I will NEVER
be called Rory!

Then sometimes she
says it's okay, I can
call her Rory "tomorrow..."
Today, however, it's
Petey...

What if I'm the hottest girl in
the world?

No, but seriously, what if?

'Cause lately I'm feeling really attractive (I'm at my hottest ever, I think), & I'm also noticing how many of the other trans girls I know are really, really attractive, & this is a self-reinforcing loop, 'cause if that girl is so hot, maybe I've been wrong all these years thinking I wasn't, & if I'm actually pretty cute that helps me get past the I'm-gross-so-we're-all-gross barrier...

When I was a teenager

(there should probably be a drinking game for my 'zine where you've gotta take a drink every time I say a variation of "when I was a teenager") I started to feel like I only liked the sorts of folks I was hanging out with - punk dykes, or something.

There are a lot of problems with that (how about "it takes more than one kinda person to make a world"?), but one manifestation of that was an increasing distaste for the ways that I was different, most of which involved the fact that I'm a transsexual girl...

By extension, other trans girls who weren't achieving

a higher level of that "idealness" than me were not folks I wanted to spend much time with.

I'm so glad I've matured enough not to "need" everyone to be the same, and now I feel myself growing even more, accepting myself + loving myself + not being afraid to associate with others like me...

'Cause really, trans girls, we're all pretty wonderful. You don't need to impress me + I don't need to impress you, but I sure can appreciate you.

So, uh...

Can you appreciate me?

♡, Katie

A Case of Beer & Enough Left Over To Get a Room

I'm telling you this so when it happens to you, you won't feel so alone.

Inside the thrift store...

Hey...uh... what's yr name?

Umm... Katie.



I just got back from seeing Lynyrd Skynyrd... And I got a whole case of beer...



- And enough left over for a room. And a little bit for you, too, if yr... uh... working today.

He flashed me a big smile, obviously thinking he'd way impressed me. Luckily I didn't have to do more than shake my head, 'cause I had a new tattoo, & a random punk girl who'd been listening said...



- Can I see yr tattoo?

tattoo location
- Sure. ♡



- Well... uh... Hope I'll see you around town...

I hope not.

→ The END.

Sometimes My Confidence Crumbles...

Sometimes I'm full of energy, & love, & enthusiasm, & it doesn't matter that I'm so very freaky for this very small town. I even like it a bit.

And then a look or an unkind word, or a too "kind" word (see previous page), or a sudden mood takes me to a different place, & my sand castle confidence is swamped.



- Maybe I should start building above high tide... in Portland, OR?


And then I want to be somewhere where I can see other folks like me & other folks not like me in different ways...

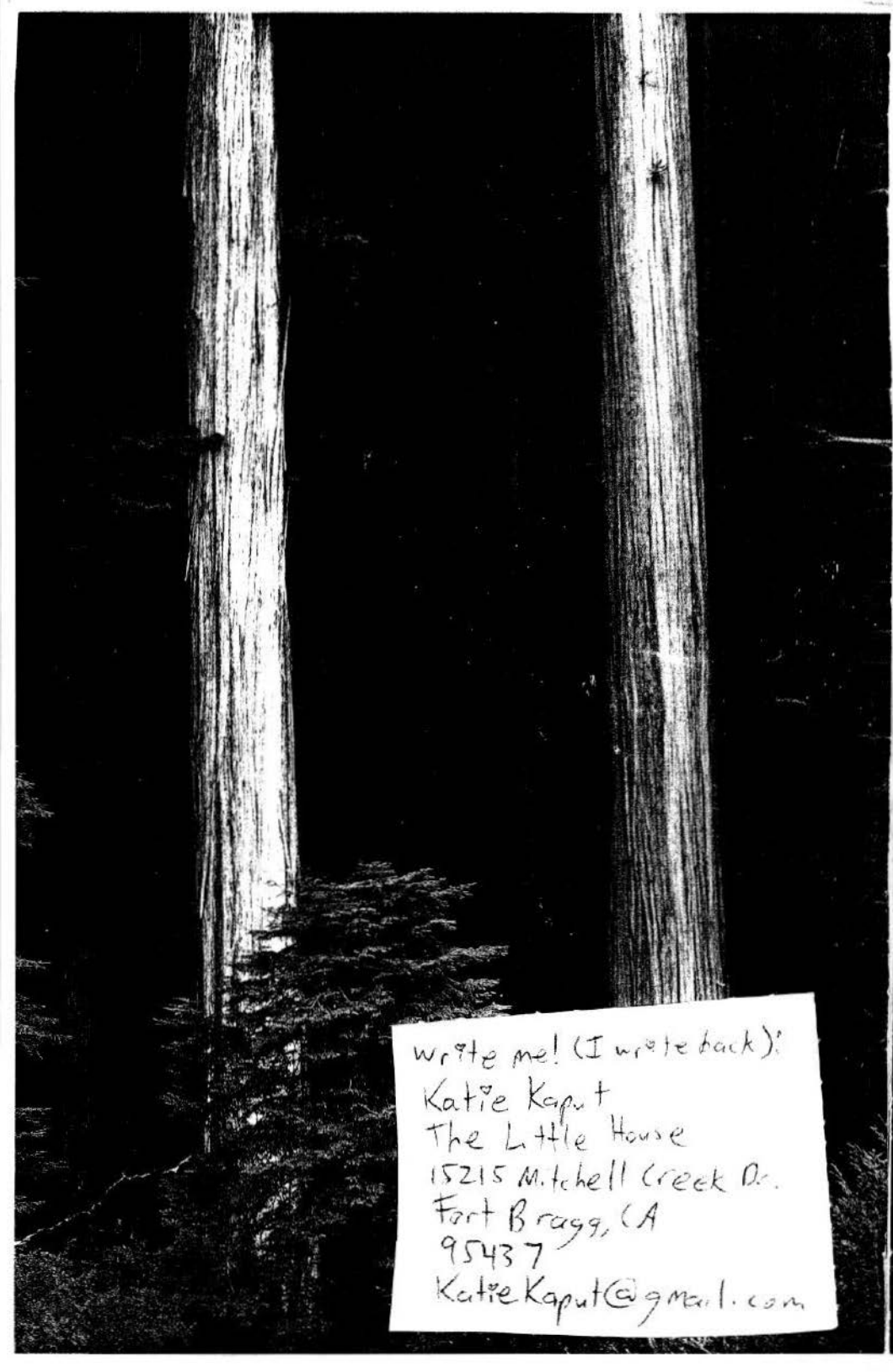
Or if I'm not thinking clearly,
I think I need to die or
something.

I get back to my old, early
teen, early transition "where's life's
reset button?" mentality, &
it hurts, especially when I look
at my sweet kids & think, "I
should never feel this way
again."

But I can't stop it... Blame
the moon & the tides, or being
trans...

Sometimes I wish I was other
than I am.

I remind myself again & again how
awesome we trans women can be. And
each & every one of you I know is a
huge fucking gift to me. ♥  Katie



write me! (I wrote back):

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